THE DEAD NOVELIST

Hall Caine Gives His Personal Recollections of Wilkie Collins.

A VICTIM OF THE OPIUM HABIT.

How He Obtained the Title for His Novel. The Woman in White.

HIS OPINION OF BOOK REVIEWERS

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

Wilkie Collins was a name to conjure with when I was a boy at school, and the great book that first made it famous was published before I was born; but I did not make acquaintance with the man himself until about two years ago. Short as that time is, and little as it promises of personal knowledge, I can truly say that it represents a period of great intimacy and familfarity, I did not know Wilkie Collins long, but I knew him well.

I do not remember who it was that introduced me to Wilkie Collins, or for what reason we first met, but I recall the occasion of it well enough. He had written saying that I would be welcome to call upon him, but must be prepared to find him in the turmoil of a domestic change of some sort. "Never-



Wilkle Collins theless I am still possessed of a table, bottle of brandy, a couple of glasses and a box of cigars, and will be happy to share them with the author of So-and-so,"he wrote, as nearly as I can remember. I found him in the heart London, for he was then living in Gloncester place. The house was large and rather dingy, one of the mansions of 100 rears ago, when the masons of London were laying the foundations of the gloomiest buildings in christendom, and also of the the day before. On hearing that Collins most protracted bouts of hypochondriasis.

The air of gloom was as much within as without the house in Gloucester place. The soul had said, "Wilkie, you're a clever felmost protracted bouts of hypochondriasis. walls were paneled, the stairs were of stone, low, a very clever fellow, though you tre to and the hall was cold, and the whole house seemed cheerless. Much of this effect must have been due to the dwelling itself, for when at a later date Collins removed to Wimpole street his house was very bright and homelike. The door had been answered by a manservant, whose nervousness, hesitancy and diffidence told a long story in ad-

THE AUTHOR'S APPEARANCE.

vance of the habits of close retirement ob-

served by the man I had come to see. Per-

haps it cannot so confidently be affirmed of Collins' house as one might have said of the

house of Dante Rosetti, that it reflected the

mind of the man who lived in it, for many

of the quaint things that made it curious and the beautiful things that made it pleas-ant had come to him from his father, the

Collins," said Rosetti, and I looked and gray-bearded, large-eved and lion-headed. roand shouldered and stooping heavily. That was my first glimpse of Collins, and swift as it must have been, it left its vivid impression, so that when he came into the room to me five years afterward at Gloncester Place, I remembered in a moment that I had seen him betore. But he had grown teebler in that interval, paler of face and more flabby of body. I think I cannot better describe the effect of his face for those who have not seen it, but have seen the face of Garibaldi, than to say that the novelist's face resembled the patriot's, with the difference of having less power and more vividness. The only serious point at which this description would be at fault would be in respect of the eyes, which were large and protruded, and had the vacue and dreamy look that is sometimes seen in the eyes of the blind. Perhaps I would come nearer to giving the right impression if I were to add (what I hesitate to say), that the expression of Collins' eyes at this time was exactly that of a man to whom chloroform has just before been administered. Collins' eves fixed my attention instantly, and he saw that it was so. Perhaps he suspected that I read their strange look by the light of my late experience, perhaps he was loth to trust me then, as he trusted me later, but before we had been talking together long he interrupted the conversation and said something like this: "I see that you can't keep your eves off my eyes, and I ought to say that I've got the gout in them, and that it is trying to blind me."

I was much troubled that I had brought down this remark by the unconscious rudeness of a too constant gaze into the eyes that fascinated me by the story they seemed to tell of daily habit and lifelong suffering. But I made no attempt to excuse it, and accenting Collins' reference to the gout as a sufficient explanation, I banished the matter from my mind. It came up again some months afterward, and it came up once more at the end, and then I remembered with a painful vividness what my feeling had been at first meeting Wilkie Collins face to face. A GOOD TALKER.

I found him a good and animated talker, never very spontaneous, but always precise and right ,not blundering and tripping, as I have heard brilliant talkers blunder and trip, but also not passionate and overwhelmand irresistible. His voice was fairly ing and irresistions. His voice was lainy full and of even quality, without shrill notes in it, and without thrilling depths, a good voice, not at all a great one. In manner he voice, not at all a great one. In manner he hausted at the end of it. So he made arwas quiet, a little nervous, and not prone to much gesture. He sat while he talked, with the table; but he looked into your face from time to time, and then his gaze was steady and encouraging, and you never felt for a moment that his eve was upon you. Indeed, without being the most "magnetic" of men, he was a man to set you at your ease, to get the best out of 'magnetic" of men, he was a man to et you at your ease, to get the best out of you, to send you away with a comfortable celling toward yourself, and yet a man with you, to send you away with a comfortable a proper sense of personal dignity. You us see." So he read the reviews first. They never knew it for dignity, and that was exactly where its strength lay. You left him with the feeling that Wilkie Collins was worthy of "The Moonstone," and that "The Moonstone" was not a better product than Wilkie Collins. Those who have seen much of distinguished people will know what I mean by that, for the chilling of enthusinsm that may come upon the first meeting with someone who has been known and revered for years is one of the hero worshiper's commonest experiences.

Wilkie Collins certainly did not disap-point expectations, and neither did he transcend them. The same large grasp of fact and command of detail which you find in the novels you found in the man. If his conversation was not large, if his outlook on life was not wide, if his horizon was not far away, neither were they little and parrow and near. His insight was sure, his memory unfailing, and his invention equal. In a word, to meet him on fair terms and on his own subjects, was to know, without having read his books, that he was a full man, powerful by nature, and thoroughly equipped all round by education and several transfer and the subjects of the subject of the subject

subjects. I remember that I wanted information on the copyright law, for the plot of one of my novels had been taken by some dramatic thief, and I had a mind to fight him. Collins was very full, very precise, and very emphatic on that subject, having paid hitterly for his special knowledge over two of his own stories, "The Woman in White" and "The New Magdalen." He was quite sure that I had not a leg to stand on, though, of course, he joined his wail with mine against the iniquitous law that recognized a copyright in words and none in ideas.

AN ADMIRER OF DUMAS.

Then he talked of French writers, and he said something that I cannot remember of how he met with Victor Hugo whose plays, no less than his novels, he admired. But the elder Dumas among French novelists was clearly the god of his idolatry, and "The Three Musketeers" was his ideal of a great story. He had been many times in the way of meeting Dumas, but had never done so. Then he talked of Scott, whom he valued beyond words of appraisement, thinking "The Bride of Lammermoor" the greatest of all prose tragedies. Something he said, too, of Dickens, but only in the character of a near and dear friend, with a per-ceptible sinking of the soft voice and melting of the gentle eyes. Charles Reade was also mentioned in relation of the memoir that had then been newly published, and the impression left with me was that the rougher side of Reade's character had never

been seen by Collins except as the whole world saw it in the squabbles of the news-He was always kindly of nature, always alert of mind, always enthusiastic of spirit. His letters were as full of pith as his conversation. Nothing came out in these letters more frequently than the boyish delight in his work. It was not done easily, but with great and often grievous labor-labor of conception, of construction, and of repeated writing and rewriting-and yet he held to it, clung to it, and when torn from it by siekness returned to it in health with the fiercest eagerness of the literary aspirant. Never was authorship less of a trade to any author, though he was a competent business man, and knew how to make the most of his market. To write stories was a passion to him, and he was as much a slave to it when he was beginning the story which he left un-finished at his death as he had been 25 years earlier, before fame had come to him, or fortune seemed within his grasp. I had good reason to know how much his work took out of him, for I saw him repeatedly while he was writing "The Legacy of Cain" and "Blind Love," After the first of these he seemed utterly prostrated and incapable of even the least bodily exertion. I then prayed of him to take rest, and he laughed and said, "Physician, heal thyselt." When I saw him again soon afterward he was deep in "Blind Love." I remonstrated, and be asked how it was with me. Unluckily I fell an easy prey to his retort, so we laughed together at the dunderheadedness we shared in common. Then, as I remember, he told me of another friend-a very unliterary one as I gathered-who had remonstrated in another fashion (and vastly more effectively)

deceive people. But I know what's wrong with you-you're mad." HIS STOCK OF STORIES.

Wilkie had many good stories, and he told them well and in a manner altogether his own. Wilkie's style was quiet, but emphatic, precise, and perhaps slow, the points cumulative in their effect and most carefully led up to, and ending always in complete success. The pistol never missed fire when Wilkie pulled the trigger. His memory was strong, and his store of good things was very plentiful.

Some of his stories concerned his own novels and their readers, and I recall one of them that relates to the "Woman in White." Immediately after the production of that book, when all England was admiring the arch villainy of the Fat Fosco, the author Wilkie Collins was first pointed out to me by the poet Rosetti as we were passing through Regent's Park. "That's Wilkie Collins" and Description of the congratulated him upon the cong lady who has since figured very largely in public view. She congratulated him upon the success with somewhat ley cheer, and the success with somewhat ley cheer, and always the sad feeling left after a day spent the success. The sad feeling left after a day spent to 60 days. Once the "But, Mr. Collins, ure of your book is your villain. Excuse me if I say you really do not know a villain. Your Count Fosco is at least a very poor one, and when next you want a character of that description I trust you will not disdain to come to me. I know a villain, and have one in my eye at this moment, that would far eclipse anything I have ever read of in books-don't think I am drawing upon my imagination. The man is alive and constantly under my gaze. In fact he is my own husband!'

These were the lady's words as nearly I can remember them. Shall I say who she was? She was the wife of the late Lord Lytton. And this mention of the "Woman in White" reminds me of a story which I may or may not have heard from Wilkie's own lips, but seems nevertheless veracious. After the story had been written (or partly written, for Wilkie told me one day that down to "Blind Love" he had never been more than five instalments ahead of his printers) and the time had come to begin its serial publication, a title had not yet been found. A story could not be published without a title, but neither the author nor his friends could hit on one that seemed suitable. Dickens had been appealed to, and had failed. So had Forster, who was prolific in good titles. Wilkie was in despair. The day was approaching when the story must begin in "All the Year Round." Broadstairs, determined not to return until a title had been found. He walked for hours along the cliff between Kingsgate and what is called Bleak House; he smoked a case of cigars, and all to no purpose; then, vexed and much wora by the racking of his brains, he threw himself on the grass as the sun went down. He was lying facing the bitter jest, half unconsciously, he began to

apostrophise it thus:"You are ugly and stiff and awkwardyou know you are; as stiff and as weird as my white woman—white woman—woman in white-the title, by Jove!"

It was done; a title had been hit upon, and the author went back to London de-lighted. Dickens was much pleased with the name, and the story began its career. Such is said to have been the origin of one of the finest titles any novel ever had-at as I could judge) who stood for the craft

NO FAITH IN REVIEWERS. He wrote the book, and was quite exsture. He sat while he talked, with half down, and his eyes usually on a place at some distance (I think he said at sea in a yacht), where letters could not reach him. When he returned home he found his desk piled mountains high with ou. In-most containing reviews. Also he found his our kind of critics to make them-I have "this teaches me a lesson. These letters are nearly all from total strangers, and may be said to represent in some measure the general public. These reviews are by professional writers, some of them my friends. Either the public is right and the press wrong, or the press is right and the public is wrong. Time will tell. If the public turns out to be right, I will never trust the

press again."
Thus he waited for the final verdict of time, and it seemed to come confidently enough, and the end of it was that Collins lost nearly all faith in review articles, and even went the length of grievously under-stating their effect on public opinion. I can say with certainty, that during my knowl edge of him he was all but totally indiffer

read his books, that he was a full man, powerful by nature, and thoroughly equipped all round by education and acquaintance with hite age of that first meeting we talked on many was almost that of a hermit. During the exquisite Sachet Powder.

last two or three years he went out very little—rarely or never to the theater, and only once or twice to a dinner. He saw a only once or twice to a dinner. He saw a few triends at his house at Wimpole street, Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. Piggott, Mr. Watt, Mr. Chatto, Mr. Tates, Mr. Quilter, Mr. Besant (I think), and his doctor and old friend, Mr. Beard, was constantly by his side. With all the surroundings of an invalid, he had quite a morbid terror of being written about as a dying man. "My heart is not affected," he would say, "and there is nothing amiss with me but what they call stomachie nervousness—or something like stomachie nervousness-or something like it." All the same he was a dying man during the whole period of my acquintance with him, and this brings me very near to Willesden Junction on my journey to Lon-don, as well as to the last point in my garrulous talk about Wilkie Collins.

A LAUDANUM DRINKER. One day toward the beginning of 1888, I called upon him at Wimpole street in great excitement about a difference which I had just had with a collaborateur over a question of art in the drama. I wished him to adjudicate in the dispute, and he cordially undertook to do so. "State the difficulty," he said, and I stated it with much julness. He stopped me again and again—repeated, questioned and commented. Two hours went by like ten minutes. We were sitting in Wilkie's workshop, with proofs of his current work everywhere about us. The point was a knotty one, and a very serious issue seemed in-volved in it. Wilkie was much worried. 'My brain is not very clear," he said once or twice, taking a turn across the room. Presently, and as if by a sudden impulse, he opened a cabinet and took out a wine glass, and what seemed to be a bottle of medicine, and was labelled with the name of a well-known London chemist. "I'm going to show you one of the secrets of my prison house," he said with a smile. Then he poured from the bottle a full wine glass of liquid resembling port wine in color. "Do you see that?" he asked: "It's laudanum." Straightway he drank it off. I was all but

"Good heaven, Wilkie Collins," I said. "how long have you taken that drug?"
"Twenty years," he answered.
"More than once a day?"

"Oh, yes, much more. Don't be alarmed. Remember that De Quincy used to drink landanum out of a jug."

Then he told me a story, too long to repeat, of how a man servant os his own had killed

himselt by taking less than half of one of his doses. "Why do you take it?" I asked.

"To stimulate the brain and steady the nerves. "And you think it does that?"

"Undoubtedly," and laughing a little at my consternation he turned back to the dif-ficult subject I had come to discuss. "I'll see it clearer now. Let us begin again," he said. "Wait," I said, "you say, my dear fel-low, that the habit of taking laudanum stimulates your brain and steadies your

nerves. Has it the same effect on other "It had on Bulwer Lytton," answere Collins, "he told me so himselt."
"Well, then, Wilkie Collins," I said

"you know how much I suffer from brain and nervous exhaustion. Do you advise me to use this drug?"

He paused, changed color slightly, and then said quietly, "No."

It was the old story, and perhaps I would not go back on it, with all its melancholy side lights of self-deception, and great suffering, borne in persistent self-blindness,

but that I see in to-day's World that Edmund Yates (a much older and more re-sponsible friend of Collins') has openly discussed it. THE END OF A BRILLIANT MAN. I think the last time I saw Collins I lunched with him at Wimpole street. He

was in great spirits, and very full of "Reminiscences" that he intended to write. He talked of all his old friends with animation, the friends of his youth, "all gone, the old familiar faces;" and there was less than usual of the dull undertone of sadness with Wilkie Collins. But on this occasion his spirits were high and almost boyish; he enjoyed his wine and some old brandy that came after it and a couple of delicious recommended. The more serious questions of literature and morality were all banished, yarn followed yarn, and one wild story he told with great glee of some crack-brain who thought he would checkmate the "universal provider" by ordering a white elephant. I can only remember a single sad note in his conversation and it was ominous. He was talking of Dickens, and I think he said that he had been engaged to visit at Gad's Hill on the very day that

Dickens died. A few days later Wilkie wrote inviting me to lunch, but naming no particular day, I was to go what day I liked, only remembering to send a telegram two or three hours in advance of me. So one Sunday morning early in July (I think) of this year-I am ill at these numbers-I wrote him a letter telling him that I meant to visit him the following day, and asking him for a telegram saying if the day would do. In-stead of Wilkie's telegram there came a message from his affectionate adonted daughter, Mrs. Bartley, saving that on the previous morning our poor dear Wilkie had been struck down with paralysis. The two months that followed were an

anxious time for those of us who loved him, So one day the novelist took himself off to and it seems like doing some violence to sacred things to set down one's feelings He is gone now, the good, staunch soul,

He may have had his weaknesses. I know of very few. He may have had his sins. I never heard tell of any. He was loyal and brave, and sweet and unselfish. He had sun went down. He was lying facing the none of the vices of the literary character, North Foreland Lighthouse, and half in envy and malice and uncharitableness. In the cruel struggle for livelihood that depends on fame he injured no man. He lived his own life, and was beloved by his own people. A great tree has fallen in the forest, and left a wide clearing.

Where was the profession of letters at Wilkie Collins' graveside to-day? I saw very little of it. Art, the drama and journalism were adequately represented; three or four men of letters were all (so far least the story sounds much like one of that the distinguished dead practiced. Was Wilkie Collins'. have occurred if Collins had died 20 years ago? True indeed it is that the friend of Dickens, of Beade and of Lytton had outlived his generation. The race of novelists is large enough, yet two only of Wilkie Collins' brother novelists followed him to his grave. But the great public were there to see the last of him. He had cheered many of their heavier hours, purified life for them, sweetened and ennobled it. And to-day they did not forget their debt,

The Lurley Song. [AFTER HEINE.] My soul to-night is a-weary, Haunted, I know not why By dreams of a strange wild legend Oft told in the days gone by,

Cool fall the airs of evening. Tranquilly glides the Rhine, Mirroring bank and summit Tinted in red supshine.

High on a rock is sitting A maiden so wondrous fair, Radiant in garments golden, Combing her golden hair; Combing with comb all golden,

And singing a wistful song. A melody faint but resistless. So tender, so sad, so strong It reaches a youthful boatman. Entrancing his heart so warm Nor rock, cliff, nor water heeds He sees but one radiant form

Alasi alasi young boatman,
Too well do we know thy doom—
Na wonder the Lurley singing
Has left my soul in gloom.
—E. Roth in Philadelphia Tin ONE of New York's most fashionable Fifth avenue modistes completes her toilettes by nouncil packet of Atkinson's GUARDING THE SOLE

Where Leather for Shoes Comes From and How it is Prepared.

HOW RUSSIA LEATHER IS MADE. Importing Hides From South American and

Mexican Ranches.

LEATHER WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) Since the day that Adam and Eve exchanged fig leaves for furs the human animal has had a habit of clothing himself in the integument stripped from his dumb brothers. How, when, or where hides were first converted into leather no wise man ever pretends to know. Doubtless the process.

buckskin of their mocasins, leggins, and so on, is a positive luxury to the touch, so soft and pliant is it. Nest cattle furnish hides for more than

half the world's leather. Next to them come goats, and after them the East Indian buffalo and the sheep. Horse hides are inconsiderable in amount and of low value. Pigskin used for saddles is in limited demand and supply. Dogskin and ratskin for gloves are mere items of account, not at all equal to the kangaroo skin, which has quite superseded some grades of calf, while deer hides furnish glove leather, as well as that for a variety of other needs. In 1886 New York imported from all

sources about \$7,500,000 worth of leather. In 1889 the amount fell to a little over \$6,000,000. The home supply of hides is far below the demand, spite of all the cattle upon our 10,000 western hills, not to mention the plains of Texas or the ranches of New Mexico. Mexico herself sends us many hides, both of steer and goat. Indeed, she ranks next to South America, from whence comes two-thirds of our importations. For dozen years past hides have been admitted duty free, to the great and manifest better-

FORTUNES IN LEATHER.

The heaviest, consequently the best, ox hides come from Buenos Ayres. They weigh over 20 pounds each, and fetch 16 cents per pound. Big fortunes have come out of making "flint" hides—that is, purchasing the hides from the plainsmen, soaking them for weeks in saturated salt water, then dyeing and selling them. The advance in price is nominal, but each hide takes up ten pounds or so of salt, and this yields a big profit, besides cost and carriage. New Orleans is the main seat of the business in North America, as it is also the great in-terior entrepot for hides of all sorts. The 0-pound ox hides all go to sole leather. Cow skins and those from young cattle fur-nish the kipskin of commerce, and the hides of animals a year old or under all the several dozen varieties of caliskin. For cheap work, both kip and calf are

often split-that is divided by machinery into two sheets, each by courtesy called leather. It will wear for a day or maybe week, but it is about the most unsatisfactory investment the bargain-seekers can make. The first thing is to cut the hides in two. Then they are soaked in limewater four days, milled for six hours to free them from loosened hair, then washed clean and left for four days to sweat. After that comes the acid bath, lasting five to ten days, and next process stretched over a year. Modern invention has reduced it one-half. It is claimed that the new electric process will make good leather in a month's time; but so ar that remains to be demonstrated, at least, on a commercial scale,

Oak bark, hemlock bark and the powdered leaves of sumac are the things that supply tannin. The bark is coarsely ground and steeped in fresh water to make ooze for the vats. A very late invention is a mill for grinding oak wood, as well as bark, into a sort of coarse meal, which, it is claimed, makes a double quantity of the very best ooze, at less than half cost.

PROCESSES OF TANKING

Once through the vats, the hides are washed again, scraped anew on the flesh side, curried with tanner's oil, whose source is those cod livers that are not fresh enough for medicine; then steam-dried, pressed betwixt hot rollers, and send to market the "sides of sole leather" that everybody

knows.

The bulk of it is hemlock tanned. That bark is cheaper and gives a harder finish, which is thought to stand rough usage best. Oak leather fetches always a cent or two more in the pound, and is invariably used for fine footwear, as well as whenever leather of peculiar strength and toughness is re-quisite. There are many big houses in New York City, which deal in nothing but cutsoles. They buy leather in quantity, cut it by machinery in the most approved patterns, and can supply shoe men with exactly what they want, at a great saving of time, expense and material. A curious feature of the leather trade is that while Philadelphia and Boston have each more shoe manufactories, New York leads both largely in sales of raw material and of the finished goods.

Kipskin goes through much the same process-only less so. Being thinner, it requires less time and care. More chemicals, too, are used in tanning it, and when fin-ished, much of it is blacked ready for the boot or shoemaker. As much of the best sole leather goes to the maker of leather belting, so the finest of kip falls to the harness and saddle makers, who also use a good

bit of fine russet calf.

Nearly all of the finest calfskin is im ported from France. It is and will likely remain the favorite for men's shoes, though kangaroo leather runs it closely. Indeed so popular has that become that Australian governments which began by offering bounties for kangaroo scalps have now decreed a close season six months long, each year, to prevent the extermination of the queer animal. Its skin comes hither via London and Calcutta, and furnishes a leather pleasant enough to the loot, but liable to stretch all out of shape, if wet, and not very carefully

KID AND GOATSKIN

Goatskins, whence come kid and moroco leather, are sent to us from Southern Europe, Mexico and South America. The very bert are shipped from Brazil or Cura-coa. Formerly they were tunned with sumae; now the alum process is mainly used. Each of the big factories, however, has its own formula, and guards it jealously as the corner stone of success. It is known, though, that after tanning the skins are beaten in a bath of yolk of egg-also that albumen in largely used in some stages. Glazed kid not so long ago under ban of tashion, is now the height of style. "Pebble" surfaces are produced by machinery, and are given only to the heavier grades of stuff.
Sheep skin, as befits its varied uses, come

from pretty well everywhere. It is the foundation of the parchments that license men to practice on the bodies or the pockets of their fellow-men, no less than of the "chamois" that the street fakir flourishes imploringly in your face. It served, too, for "morocco" linings, for insoles, for welts, pipings, what not In fact, its uses are legion. It, too, is tanned with alum. Country housewives who own flocks and kill their own mutton may be interested to know that they may tan themselves handsome rugs by covering the flesh side of a fresh skin, thickly with powdered alum and salt in equal quantity, letting it lie three days, then trim, scrape off all loose flesh, wash through two soap suds, rinse, and nall tight h a wall to dry. Let it remain a week,

then take down and beat over a beam until

A VALUABLE SECRET. All the lighter skins are used to make the so-called "Bussia leather." There are manufactories of it galore, but only one turns out goods with true Russian smell, which comes from dressing the leather at the finish with empyreumater oil of birch, which this house alone imports at an enormous cost from Russia. It is said that the secret of the odor was so guarded by the Russians that for years and years our tanners got no clew to it despite their best endeavors. Then our Miniand years our tanners got no clew to it despite their best endeavors. Then our Minister to Russia was a practical man, and in course of his official life found it easy to penetrate the secret. More, he spent some time in the factories there watching the manner of using it; came home with a head full of knowledge, and from it quickly sealized a forture.

realized a fortune.

The dyeing of leather is in itself an art. Its followers pay strict heed to the caprices of fashion. What colors she diesses in, silks or ribbons, they straightway begin to dye for—and rarely dye in vain. What with fans, belts, bags, bands, even bonnets, fair woman manages to make way with a was evolved, not invented.

Leather certainly ante-lates the earliest records, and no savage tribe, however low in the scale, has yet been found ignorant of some way to dress skins. Our American Indians, in especial, are pastmasters of the art. Rude as are their processes, deer, bear or buffalo robes dressed by them are far ahead of those that white men supply, while the buckskin of their mocagins, leggins, and so when tanned, as was once a cardinal article of the shoemaker's faith.

COSTLY LEATHER.

Patent leather is made by covering fine, light weight calfskin with the varnish that gives it its peculiar gloss. Sweet oil is used to keep the leather sort, and is the only thing that should be applied to it when in wear. It may be well to add that while mud or water does but little harm to a good article, sudden attenuations of heat and cold will invariably crack and ruin it.

will invariably erack and ruin it.

About the costliest as well as the most peculiar leather in the world is that known as "piano leather." It is made solely from the skin of a small deer peculiar to one district of Germany, and its manufacture has for ages been handed down from father to son in a single family in the district. It costs married to some weight in cold. Piffers in the costs married to some metable in cold. Piffers in the costs married to some metable in cold. Piffers in the control of the control of the costs married to some metable in cold. Piffers in the control of the control of the costs married to some metable in cold. Piffers in the control of the costs married to some metable in cold. costs nearly its own weight in gold. Efforts are now being made to naturalize the ani mal furnishing the skin in a part of Michigan very similar to its native habitat. Should they succeed there is a chance that we may rob the old world of another of its peculiar institutions.
"There is nothing like leather," says the

proverb, and truly. Absolute human necessities rank about thuswise: Salt, iron, leather. The aluminum age may dethrone iron, but salt will always be needed to save the world's bodies, and leather no less to give comfort to its soles.

M. C. WILLIAMS.

A CHEAP DISINFECTANT.

Frankincense Will Drive Pests and Odor From the House.

Rev. Father Shea, in Globe-Democrat, 1 One of the most pleasant and one of the cheapest things to use about the house as a deodorizer is frankincense-the same used at the altar to typify the sweet savor of ascending prayers in the nostrils of our I can determine whether frankincense has been properly used, as the tell-tale perfume will get into the minutest corners. It preserves clothing, too, from the ravages of insects. I never observed closely, but I have often been told that the mosquito will travel from it in haste and stay there.

I cannot recollect being met by one of those pests in a Catholic Church. A great thing. deal of mystery surrounds this simple drug, however, as many people imagine the Cath-olic clergy have a patent on it. The fact is, t is a simple compound of gum arabic and cheap spices, and most any druggist will give a pocketful for adime. Still others think the Church proscribes it, but this is error, as the Church cares not how much a man uses so he obtains it honestly. I would re-commend a little, burned daily in the house of every Christian.

ASLEEP IN A COALBIN.

The Queer Bed Chosen by a Pretty Chicago Somnambulist. Chicago Herald.1

Over on the Westside is a very handsom young lady who is afflicted with somnambulism. When she puts her pretty head upon the pillow at night she does not know what may befall her before she awakes in the morning, and she worries a great deal over this strange affliction. Her people watch her as closely as possible, but she objects to any regular espionage during her sleeping hours. One night not long ago she went to bed at the usual hour. Along about 1 A. M. her sister, who slept in an adjoining room, awoke and went to see if the girl was all right. Her bed was empty and her door was open. The house was aroused and a search for "La Somnambula" was begun. She was found-but where? Curled up in a little ball on the coal in the cellar coalbin sleeping soundly. She was aroused quietly and went back to her bed, where he slept well until morning. In her dreams she must have imagined that the coal cost

A Bee's Idle Moment.

more than a good bed, and she was about

Lewiston Journal.] History is full of instances in which a small and insignificant bit of vitality has accomplished great results, from the day that the mouse let out the lion down to the present time. Another case was added to the list, in the town of Harmony the other day. An idle bee came along and for want of better business stung a man's horse, When the remnants of that team were gathered up, behold there were 12 basketsful. That little bee had wrecked a big butcher wagon.

Dress Parade at the Fort.

She-Lieutenant Grav, for what purpose is that little square box back of your belt? Lieutenant Gray-Oh, it is to carry blank eartridges and powder, don't you know. She (who has seen the Lieutenant leading the german)-I thought it was to hold a powder rag.

Autumn Prairies. Wide, shadow-dimpled amber leas Stretch far away before the door; The grasses, rolled By autumn's breeze, Recall the tales that seers of yore Wrote of deep-waved Hesperian seas

The clouds that in a foamy train Creep slowly through an opal sky Through darkling blots Upon the plain—
Like fabled Blessed Isles they lie
Amid the sunshine-flooded main,
In shadowed spots.

Wild purple asters swing and sway— Dark beacon banners, tall and grave; The golden rod, Like yellow spray. Upholds its head with bearing brave, And wind-flowers show their suits of gray Above the sod. Where yonder prairies fade to mist,

There hangs a line of blushing haze;
The smoky hills
Are splendor-kissed
By fair foctober's gleaming rays.
The meadow larks in glee persist
To sound their trills.

'Tis joy upon the spreading mead:
Yet in those plains of saffron light,
In bird-tones clear,
In flower and weed,
In bending skies so strangely bright,
In all we sadly read
The drill year.

-C. M. Harger in Detroit Free Press.

CLARA BELLE'S CHAT.

New York's Beautiful and Haughty Soda Water Cashiers Who

TERRORIZE THE DIFFIDENT MAN.

Young Society Women's Craze for Locks of Silver Gray.

HAIR THAP WILL BRING \$800 A POUND

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATOR 1 NEW YORK, October 12. WENTY years ago when you wanted to see the "lady cashier" you had to go to Europe. That is written on the suthority of a middleaged man. My recollection runs not so far back. Our girls were very nice and exclusive then. But, as that singularly observing Ro-

man author acutely remarked, "times change," and here we are, before the experiment is fairly of age, so to speak, with as many lady cashiers as there are in the city of Paris, At least I think there are as many; for although there is not a wine shop or case in the French capital which is unsupplied with one of these highly interesting objects of decoration and use, still the Parisian public continues to exist without sods water, while the enormousness of this business with us, a lady cashier going to each fountain, swells the domestic aggregation of lady cashiers to incalculable proportions.

The finest sods water fountains and the finest soda water lady cashiers in New York are grouped within a comparatively small area about the City Hall square. There are wonderful places in the shopping district up town, of course, but in point of size and magnificence the downtown fountains are unparalleled, and

THE LADY CASHIERS who handle their enormous revenues are unspeakably more distinguished than the best specimens that Sixth avenue and upper Broadway afford. I sat half an hour on a settee yesterday and studied one of the

Specimens.

I use the word "distinguished" advisedly, as the lawyers say of a hard name when they want to rub it in. Nearly all lady cashiers are beautiful, but when it comes to cashers are beautiful, but when it comes to language, bearing, facial expression and all that, there are lady cashiers and lady cashiers. The City Hall Square lady cashiers—I may use the somewhat clumsy term for the purpose of lucid differentiation—have hauteur, a London accent, and manicured finger nails. They are duchesses, every one, in all that is concerned with outward form. I do not think that they are really English. They are so remarkably presty but their Father. Nothing will so effectually drive away the damp, heavy odor that prevails so largely in darkened rooms. The penetrating of its fumes is remarkable. When I search in the sacristry closets for the holy vestments after an absence from the parish, wonderfully and awfully in their splendid wickerwork cages. It seems so bold, so vulgarly intrusive and offensive to lay a nickel down upon the glass plate before them and shove the mean little thing in upon their loveliness and privacy. I suspect that many a poor devil has given up his soda water drinking through sheer lack

the panic stealing over you as you have stood before the soda-water lady cashier and handed in your 5 cent piece? To see her behind her vase of deep red roses, calmly reading a novel printed in large text in a broad, pure margin; to behold her attention dis-

PROUD AND PEERLESS.

racted by the base click of your paltry coin; to suffer the slow contemptuous sweep of her eyes from her book to your money, and the somewhat spatulous digit behind it; to hear the deliberate music of her bangle as she wearily lifts her hand; to see her own rosy, taper, perfectly cared-for finger descend wearily and fearfully upon the money, as though it had the smallpox, and send it with a quick, sharp flip, jingling into the drawer, and then to observe her renew her drawer, and then to observe her renew her novel without even so much as a glance at your interesting face—do you know any-thing, oh diffident reader, that has ever sent you down further and with a colder and more hopeless humiliation into your boots? and you scrubbing your mustache with feverish zenl all the while in order that when the proud and peerless creature looked you over she might discover no froth upon it!

SHE DIDN'T BELIEVE IT. "I'm sorry, madam, but it is impossible." "Are you sure?"
"It is absolutely out of the question

A slender, rather fresh-faced young ing his sword towards the rebels, exhorting matron had left her carriage in front of a Fourteenth street establishment where time's ravages upon the beauty of the female face are repaired with neatness and celerity and was discussing a certain matter warmly with the clerk in charge.

"But it would become me so much, don't you see?"
"Unquestionably it would, but it cannot

"Are you sure of that? I saw Mrs. Brown yesterday with the loveliest gray hair I ever saw and she ain't a day older "She wore a wig."

"I don't believe it." "But it is true, nevertheless," replied the clerk, "and I know it, because we made it

After the young matron had left the sho the clerk turned to the writer with a sigh of relief and observed:
"That is the tenth so far this week."
"Tenth what?" I asked.

MIRACLE SEEKERS. "Tenth miracle seekers. You have no

Tenth miracle seekers. You have no idea of the craze there is for gray hair. Young women, especially those with fresh complexions, are absolutely wild about it. It gives to a face that is not striking a certain effect that must be seen to be appreciated. I don't wonder that the women all envy the owner of a fine head of gray hair. But graying the hair is beyond the hair dresser's art. We can make hair yellow as gold, red as copper, black as a raven's wing and as brown as the coat of a deer in win-ter, but gray is out of our power. We can often make wizs of gray which would dety detection. You remember the late Matthew Arnold's visit to America? When he was in Washington he said, with his accustomed candor, that he had met there the hand-somest woman in the world. She was the wife of ex-Senator Joseph A. MacDonald, of Indiana. Mrs. MacDonald is a slender woman with flashing dark gray eyes, a complexion of peaches and cream, and has a wonderful head of whitish gray hair. She would be an ordinary looking woman were it not for her hair."

"Is there no way of graying the hair by artificial means?"
"Yes, but the artifice is transparent. Wes, but the artifice is transparent. Women can use powder sprinkled over the hair after it is arranged, but unless they have black or very dark brown hair the effect is bad. The man who can invent some other method has a fortune within his grasp."

WHAT HAIR IS WORTH.

He opened a few boxes that he took down from a shelf. They were filled with tresses of various colors and of various lengths.

"Here is a fine head of yellow," he said.
"It is worth \$10. Here is one of brown that I will sell for half that sum. But for one pound of gray or white hair I will pay \$800, There is not one woman out of a thousand

who has a pound of hair on her head. Women who have half a pound are extremely rare, and most women only have from three to five ounces. That is not half enough for a wig. Look at these."

Here the wig-maker displayed a lot of busches varying in bulk and length, and of all imaginable tints save white or gray. There were bunches of brown, yellow, black and red. They were worth from \$5 to \$10 each, and represented the entire market value of a woman's head of hair. Such a lot only brought to the owner a bare dollar or perhaps less.

"No," added the wig-maker in conclusion, "I would not advise a youngs-oman to cut off her hair and sell it unless she happens to have either gray or white hair. An ordinary head of hair will not bring as much as will pay for a plain switch, and as for a wig, it will not pay for the making of it."

CLARA BELLE.

CLASS-ROOM BLUNDERS.

Amusing Things Spoken and Written by Maine Teacher's Pupils.

I once saw a book entitled "English as She is Taught." Some of the ridiculous blunders I read there led me to collect a few mistakes of my own pupils. I have not had time to gather many gems, but I think some of them are rare ones. Written examinations bring out what a pupil knows and what he doesn't know also. Grammar has yielded some of the choicest specimens. One boy says a "principle is a verbal adjective." That boy was a satirist without knowing it.

An exercise in the grammar called for a sentence containing Greece for a subject. "Greece runs," was the very original senence brought in.

"An intransitive verb is one that denotes

an action formenting an object. The other referred to in this case was probably the

referred to in this case was probably the teacher.

A pupil one day proudly remarked that an "artillery" verb was one used to assist in conjugating another verb. The teacher could not help asking him were not the verb he used to shoot his lessons with.

"Write a sentence containing the word is." This request, one Friday afternoon, moved a little girl with a spotted face to write, "My aunt Isabella has a man."

"A verb is modified by an adverb," wrote another little dame.

Some very rare fruit dropped from the

another little dame.

Some very rare fruit dropped from the history branch of the educational tree. "At the battle of Monte Cristo General Sloth commanded the Mexicans and General Lincoln commanded the Americans."

One genius was inspired to proclaim that the four Presidental candidates for 1860 were "Lincoln Dudley and Belle." Another declared that they were "Henry Clay, Franklin Pierce, Daniel Webster and Magior Anderson."

The largest seaport in Mexica is Sarah Cruz.

Cruz.

"The principal products of the United States are tobacco, oranges and Indians."

In physiology we are told that the "blood flows through the body in tube," and that the "beart is a peer-shaped body situated exactly in the middle of the chist." The cuticle is the inside of the outside,' says one embryo anatomist.

MRS. PARTINGTON AND ICR

B. P. Shillaber Regretfully Acks That the Old Lady is Dead. When the name of Mrs. Partington was mentioned B. P. Shillaber, of Boston, the author of that famous lady's sayings, stated to a Detroit Free Press correspond-

"The old lady has gone to her grave. I have written a book about her, but have decided not to publish it, because nowadays the publisher wants all the profits. It was quite by accident that the old lady became famous at first. It was in 1847 that my Mrs. Partington was born. One night we had some news about breadstuffs from New En-Do you know, oh diffident male reader, gland and I printed the comment that Mrs. for a half dollar's worth of flour, the sam as ever. It went the rounds of the coun

try." "How did you happen to write about

"Ike was the universal human boy seen her!'

HIT BY A HOG.

The Captain Thinks it a Shell and 500 Men Laugh at Him.

When we were advancing at the battle of Chantilly to take our position in battle line, the Captain of my company took occasion to show off a bit in the presence of several general officers. Instead of being in his place according to regulations, he stepped out in front of the company and kept wayus, as we loved the dear old flag, to stand firm and die like brave men. Pretty soon, as we were approaching a thicket in an old field, a thumping big hog, which was in hiding and terrified half to death, charged full at the Captain, upset him in a heap, and made his escape through our ranks. As we came up with the Captain who had turned on the broad of his back he called

out; "Boys, I'm struck by a shell! Go right on and die with your faces to the foe!"
"Shell be durned!" replied one of the
men. "You were hit by a hog! Get up
and come on."
Five hundred men saw the accident and

had a laugh over it, and we suddenly got the commands. "Halt! Front! Kneel! Fire at will!" the cheers of the rebel skir-mishers advancing in front of their battle line were answered by peals of laughter from our front as the hog struck Captain limped in the rear.

Not on the Tented Field. Jones had been entertaining a few friends

Judge.

at dinner. Ordering coffee to be served in the library, he led the way to that apart-Taking down a sword that was hanging

on the wall and brandishing it with, much affectation of martial ardor, he said:
"Never, gentlemen, shall I forget the day when I drew this trusty blade for the first "And where was that?" asked a curious "Why, in a raffle."

Man's Life is Like the Leaf. Now dropping silent, ceaseless, fleet, In open field, in busy street, Thy form, light driven to and fro, A carpet rustling under tread, Faint glowing still, their beauty fied, Till crisp and withered, broken, dead, Their glory lieth low.

Lo, as the countless leaves that fade
The countless race of men are made;
Like leaves they spring to sudden birth
Upon life's treet; a little day
They grow, and come to rich array
Or bright assessment are the server. Or bright success, perchance: away They soon are borne to earth.

Spring covers, autumn strips the trees; So contury after century sees.
Man's gen-rations bloom and fade, Each leaf its fleeting season knows; Though brave the splender that it shows, Death's crilling blast remorseless blows; Withered in dust 'tis laid.

But dieth man as dies the eaf?
Cometh his seasons all too brief.
To hopeless nothingness and dust?
Nay, only ashes find the grave;
"The spirit endless life shall have
Through faith in Me who come to save,"
Baith Christ in whom we trust.

Categoo interior.

THE FIRESIDE SPHINX

A Collection of Enigmatical Nuts for Home Cracking.

S E. R. CHADBOURN, Lowiston, Ma Copyright, 1889, by E. R. Chadhourn. 769-ACROSTIC ILLUSTRATED.



rard, and find a name for the object at the

770-THE MEDICINE MAN AND HIS LIQUIDS. Green earth the garb of day had donned, The sun had risen the hills beyond,—

Green earth the garb of day had donner The sun had risen the hills bevond.—
A warrior clad in armor bright. To chase away the vanquished night. In mood for meditation ripe.
I sat me down to smoke my pipe, When, harkit a rat-tat at the door! A dapper gent stands on the floor—One of those timerant Thugs. Who murder men by vending drugs. His wiles 'tis useless to describe, My readers know the long-haired tribe. He, after many interindes, Permission asked to show his goods; He had three liquids choice and rare To heal the frame or banish care.
"Now, neighbor, spars your diatribe, You call me flend—or banish care.
"Now, neighbor, spars your diatribe, You call me flend—or banish care.
This other took when he was poor; From poverty it took the firing. He's now a great financial king.
You may this same in daytime mix. If fond of pyrotechnic tricks:
A flerce explosive then is seen, As strong as nitro-glycerine. A ferce explosive then is seen,
As strong as nitro-glycerine.
You see in third, though seeming small,
The one thing needful for us all;
No doubt you'll think my claim absurd—
It makes the world in a word,"
I bade him go—I never joked
With frauds like him—but as I amoked
I thought there might be—with a laugh
A grain of truth in all his chaff.
With

771-HOUR GLASS. 1. Acts of making simple. 2. Eomities.
Capable of being consolidated. 4. Rich clothing. 5. Reckons. 6. Parties. 7. To prosecute 8. An addition to a house. 9. Part of the fool 10. Defeats. 11. Beginnings. 12. A treasurer [Rare.] 12. Tending to wrong creation. 14 Precipitation. 15. Contests.

Left. down. — Unpresperous conclusion (Rare.) Right, up.—Wretchedness. Control down.—Skepticism.

HERPEROR.

772-TRANSPOSITION. A miner in a western town Against seven toughs was pitt and knowing to succumb mean He would not be outwitted.

They "did not understand" it so,
And for revenge had striven;
At last they force him to a fight,
"So miner pinches seven."
R. O. CRESTER 773-THE CLOCKMARER'S PROBLEM A clockmaker set three clocks together at noon. One of them lost two minutes a day, one gamed six minutes a day, and the third galoed fourteen minutes a day. What time did the three clocks indicate when they were together again for the first time? J. H. FERANDIE.

774-CONUNDRUM The punster's gift had Uncle Jack, He'd almost prove that white was blu When asked to name his favorite flor to averbage Columbia's agreement

In polities a Demograt, I asked him once how came it that His party in their late defeat Were like the stockings on his feet Ware like the stockings on his feet Ware Jack suggested, nothing lot

775-DIAMOND. 1. A letter. 2 Part of a wheel. 2 To lean 4. Kinds of tenures. 5 Numerates by heads. 6. Delivered up. 7. Like metals. 5, Keeps. 9. Collection of boxes. (Trans.) 10. To dis-

776-BEHEADMENT.

A sentence you will find complete Also, to judge am I;
Behead, and you perform a feat Which brings a watch anigh.
Whole, I am active, I bestow;
Beheaded, I defend, you know.
Bittens 777-OBLIQUE BECTANGLE.

1. A letter. 2. A unit. 2. Otherwise. 4. To cut with scissors or shears. 3. Quiet. 6. A workman employed in a steam flour mill. 7. A letter of news. 2. The corons. 2. Not either. 10. A Scriptoral proper name. 11. Left. (Abb.) 12. A letter. 778-CENTRAL LETTER CHANGES. The first rolls, The second tell The third lows, The last sows.

ANSWERS.





